



FROST *f*ancies.





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FROST FANCIES.

Amie B. McQueen.



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THE PAGEANT.

A SOUND as if from bells of silver,
Or elfin cymbals smitten clear
Through the frost-pictured panes, I hear.

What miracle of weird transforming
In this wild work of frost and light,
This glimpse of glory infinite.

The jewels loosen on the branches,
And lightly as the soft winds blow,
Fall, tinkling, on the ice below.

WHITTIER.

AN ALPINE PICTURE.

STAND here and look, and softly hold your breath

Best the vast avalanche come crashing down!

How many miles away is yonder town

Set flower-wise in the valley? Far beneath—

A scimiter half drawn from out its sheath—

The river curves through meadows newly mown;

The ancient water courses are all strown

With drifts of snow, fantastic wreath on wreath;

O, tell me, love, if this be Switzerland—

Or is it but the frost-work on the pane?

T. B. ALDRICH.

FROST MOSAICS.

SEE, how the sun's bright fire
Has deepened all the glow
Of tinted rose and sapphire,
Fairy green,—and lo,
The golden light that wavers
Its soft transparency,
Holds now the mystic colors
Enshrined in brilliancy.

Mosaics these of Nature,
In dainty frost-work graced;
For fancy many a picture
The Artist hand has traced.
Here, icy summits, towering,
Depict a stately fane;
Whose walls of jeweled splendor
Still of the sunlight gain.

BENEATH the froil, light tracing
Of ivoried dome and spire,
— Where inlaid pearl and jasper
Secrete the sun's deep fire, —
Rise columns, high, aspiring
In intricate design,
Too rival by their beauty
The fame of pagan shrine.

Within these sacred portals
No pagan foot hath trod;
Unsullied, stands the temple
By Nature raised to God.
But hearts herein may worship,
In purity of thought;
And hence, return, ennobled,
With holier wisdom fraught.

ANNIE C. McQUEEN.



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